

# Richmond Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1915.

## A Good Sport, Anyway

It must be said—with all possible regard to President Wilson's admonitions of neutrality—that the captain of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, whatever his present position in respect of international law, is a sporting character by no means to be despised. Asked the other day in Newport News whether he purposed after his ship had been repaired, coaled and provisioned, to go straight to Germany and behave himself, he cheerfully replied that he hoped his career was just started.

Of course, there is the possibility that Captain Thierichsen may be detained by Uncle Sam. He will almost certainly be disciplined by his own government for his deplorable mistake in reference to the Frye, and there are the British cruisers in the offing waiting to pay their respects to the gallant German as soon as he gets outside the three-mile line. But these are details upon which evidently he doesn't waste a thought. If he is a pirate (which he probably isn't), he likes the job, and has set out to hang up a record in that sport.

## Help for the Boy Scouts

THE campaign to raise funds for the support of the Boy Scout movement in Richmond, which is to be inaugurated actively this morning, deserves public support. The work is done on an exceedingly economical plan, and no one who has observed it at close range will be inclined to doubt its value in the production of good citizenship.

The Boy Scout learns the simple virtues of honesty, truth, courtesy to the weak and unfortunate and helpfulness to the injured and suffering. He is made to understand and appreciate that there is more real romance in kindness and in service than there is in oppression or wrong. The natural boyish instincts are trained in the right direction.

There is the lesson also of self-reliance, of initiative, of individual action. Half of the failures fall because they have no real existence outside their own beaten trail. The Boy Scout is taught to blaze a trail of his own.

A work of this kind should have the sanction of public approval and the assistance, in a financial way, of those who are able to give.

## The Orders in Council

GREAT BRITAIN, it is reported in London dispatches, expects strong protests against the orders in council issued yesterday, which in effect create a blockade of the whole German coast, without accepting any of the responsibilities of effectiveness and continuity that a legal blockade entails. In this expectation, so far as the United States is concerned, Great Britain will not be disappointed. The protest that will be made by this government will be as strong as words can make it.

It is not conceivable, of course, that we should go to war with Great Britain over an issue of this kind, but, as has been pointed out repeatedly in this place, we are not without means of retaliation which do not involve hostilities. We could declare an embargo on grain and other food supplies that would damage England even more than her so-called blockade would damage our commerce.

Whether this measure of retaliation shall be adopted is for the consideration of the President and his advisers. He will do what his country's interests and his country's honor demand shall be done. Bearing as he does the national burden, at one of the greatest and most dangerous crises of American history, he should have the loyal sympathy and unswerving support of his fellow countrymen. Save by the bitter and hostile partisan and the irreconcilable sorehead, that sympathy and support will not be withheld.

## Care in Public Expenditure

A NEW bond issue of \$534,000 is available for the improvement of the added district. What will the city government do with this large fund placed in its hands for a definite purpose? It should use the money so that a portion of the added district will be thoroughly improved. It should not spread the money too extensively on one line of improvement and leave other needed things to a subsequent bond issue. Such methods are wasteful; it doubles expenditure to lay down streets and then rip them up shortly afterwards to put down pipes.

Unfortunately, our city government, while it has its good points, is not inclined to careful management. It has too much of the laissez faire about it. Departments are sometimes conducted uneconomically and money appropriated for certain uses is diverted for other needs in a very haphazard fashion. There is no evidence of any effort to make a sound and businesslike adjustment of our finances to the public needs and of careful supervision of expenditure. For this reason a warning is needed, lest the fund obtained from the new bond issue be expended in slovenly ways. The city's credit is good, but that is no reason why any unnecessary bond issues should be made. The payment

of interest on a large debt is not particularly inspiring.

Richmond might take a lesson from Fredericksburg. The city on the Rappahannock is small—though it does not think so—but few places in the country enjoy a better administration. Fredericksburg has a city manager, it is true, and this system might not work in a large city like Richmond, but the point is that Fredericksburg has a business management. Money is carefully spent there and spent with a plan in mind. Richmond needs just such an administration.

## Richmond Needs a City Club

ONE of the most interesting of latter day municipal developments is the growth of the city club. Wherever such organizations have been formed, in Boston and Chicago, notably, and in less striking degree in Baltimore, they have proved factors of large usefulness in the community. In particular they have offered a common meeting ground for diverse interests and for views so conflicting that from a distance they have appeared irreconcilable, but which somehow have become fused and unified in the common sentiment of civic pride.

There is a great volume of potential public usefulness that is dormant and unproductive because it is dumb. There is no forum for its expression. Its human containers never get an opportunity to unburden themselves. They revolve in their own circles, limited by routine and perhaps by prejudice. It is only when in such an institution as the city club they come in contact with other men of other views—and of other routines and prejudices, for the matter of that—that there is evolved a community consciousness and a community spirit truly representative of the aspirations of the whole people.

The City Club of Boston has just moved from its old quarters to a handsome new building. On the occasion of the formal opening the principal speaker was Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, the keynote of whose speech was the tremendous benefits that come from the comparison and discussion, in an atmosphere of fellowship and understanding, of the diverse opinions of men of varying types and vocations.

Prejudices fade away, the Governor said, "when men of different stocks meet day by day as you meet here and learn as you do by personal contact how much better the other fellow really is than you had been led to expect to find him." And he continued:

So I say that it is a great thing for this Commonwealth that we have here these daily gatherings of strong and intelligent men of affairs whose interest in the common welfare is broader and more unselfish than that of the professional politicians, and whose interchange of opinion are made effective by the respect and mutual liking which must inevitably result from such familiar meetings. You have been, therefore, and with your enlarged membership in this beautiful and commodious quarters you will increasingly be, a civic university.

Richmond needs a city club. It possesses, fortunately, in the Business Men's Club the skeleton and a good part of the flesh and spirit of such an organization. As things stand, the Business Men's Club too closely duplicates the function and activities of the Chamber of Commerce. It lacks a flavor and individuality of its own. These would be supplied by changing its name and broadening its appeal. It should be as representative of the lawyers and preachers, the doctors and teachers, the architects and writers and thinkers of Richmond as it is of the more limited class whose name it now bears. If, under such auspices, it fulfilled half of its rightful destiny, the heart of the city would be found beating within its walls.

## The Kaiser Loses One

A GERMAN reservist in New York confesses that he stole \$5,000, of which he "blew" \$500, burying the rest in a Jersey swamp, where it was recovered by the police. Explaining his theft, he attempted to justify it by the statement that he stole so that he could return to the Fatherland and fight for the Kaiser. By which it is apparent that the Kaiser has lost one ambitious soldier.

"Ingenuity" in thinking up excuses for crime reveals a degree of stupidity that is rather puzzling. For instance, recently a Philadelphia man stole a lot of money and said he did it because he loved his daughter better than anything in the world. She needed education, clothes, comforts, social advantages—and so he stole to give them to her. The jury could not be convinced, however, that a man who really loved his daughter would run the risk of leaving such a stain upon her.

In a Western city not long ago a woman poisoned her husband. She said she did it because he had brought shame upon her home, and for a time there was not a little sympathy for the poor woman. It developed, however, that he left a substantial life insurance, in which another man hoped to share when he was out of the way, which naturally enough served rather to discount the sympathy story of the murderess.

It is true that there is rarely if ever a legitimate excuse for crime, or justification. We of this emotional country frequently give way to a high-grade hysteria and find ourselves signing petitions for clemency and agitating fearfully, as in the case of the Ice King, who, being convicted of a heinous financial offense, obtained a presidential pardon on the ground of his serious illness, but who is now well and hearty, enjoying prosperity in the open air in place of his former limited prison comforts.

Congratulations and the top of the season to the Secretary of the Treasury; he has certainly had a year of crowded life. Having married him a wife and been divorced from his vermillion appendix within a twelve-month and emerged successfully from both operations, Mr. McAdoo can look fate in the face with tolerable complacency and bid her go on with the deal.

Sir Thomas Lipton appears to have lifted the cup in Serbia with his munificence and affability. They are calling the genial Irishman Tebika Toma (Uncle Tom) in Nish and Belgrade and Uskub in recognition of the food he has brought and the stories he is telling.

Still waiting for the British Cabinet to decide just what it meant when it declared an embargo against Germany. Or was it a blockade?

It does seem that we should have a few more streets before we build any more municipal skyscrapers.

## SONGS AND SAWS

### Mixed Destinies.

"It's a long way to Tipperary,"  
Sang the nightingale, hoarse and low,  
"But—hic—is it to Tipperary?"  
That I really want to go!"

"No, it is not," the copper warbled,  
"For 'til you get into town—  
You can tell the judge all about it  
When the morning breezes blow."

The pessimist says:  
Don't envy the joyous man. Buy some of the popular brands of stomach bitters and be one.



### Transformation.

If some old lad, with powdered pate,  
Could stand to-day where  
He'd wonder how his native State  
Could have become so quaintly good.

### A Natural Defect.

"You don't mind change in the old town?" asked an interested friend of Colonel Sellem-quick, the eminent promoter.

"Well, no," replied the colonel, thoughtfully. "But then I scarcely expected any. I got most of the local supply before I went away."

### Infatigable His Copyright.

Grubbs—I don't think much of your friend Blowhard. He makes me tired.

Stubbs—What's the matter with him?  
Grubbs—He has picked up a plan for settling the European war that is exactly like mine, and he's around talking as though it was his original invention.

### Oil on the Waters.

"See here," said the stern parent to his graceless offspring, "I want you to understand I am getting tired of paying your debts."

"Of course you are," said the G. O., soothingly. "Why don't you follow my plan and cut this payment business out?"

### "Love Me, Hate My Dog"

First Fair Youngster—"What makes you think Harold is so fond of you?"

Second Ditto—"Why, I had been holding Fido in my arms last night, and when I left the room for a minute, Harold kicked the little darling out into the hall."

### Disappointment.

The G. O. P. is sadly pained,  
Because, 'twixt all that it can say  
In dolorous tone and manner grieved,  
Prosperity is on its way.

### THE TATTLER.

## Chats With Virginia Editors

The Harrisonburg News-Record rises to the defense of an institution that has suffered so many gibes and sneers that its continued vitality is one of the wonders of the age. The News-Record: "We are from the country. We have seen the seeds sent out by the Department of Agriculture and by our members of the Senate and House from the days of John W. Daniel and Charles T. O'Ferrall, and we can bear cheerful testimony that they have been good seeds; that they have done their part well in improving the gardens and the flower beds of the country people." Under the circumstances, we cheerfully assign to the News-Record our whole allotment of seeds for the current fiscal year.

The Roanoke Times records the exploit of a gentleman named Strange, who wandered recently into a West Virginia hotel with a placard, bearing the following legend, attached to his hat: "I contain two pints of pure rye whiskey and six bottles of beer. The Times explains that 'a recent amendment to the Yost prohibition law, under which West Virginia is now operating, requires that all liquor containers bear labels in large letters showing exactly what manner and amount of liquor is contained. From which it may be gathered that Mr. Strange is some container.'"

Celebrating its birthday, the Orange Observer offers the following felicitations to other workers in the vineyard: "And then, our dear brothers of the press, how can we do enough for you, who, by your kind words, compliments and pleasantry, we have been so greatly cheered and encouraged in our labors? You have no idea how you have aided us. So we start out on another journalistic year with a heart full of thankfulness and hope. We want to put forth every effort to do more and better work this year than ever before. We wish for our patrons and friends unbounded happiness and our old darling brothers we trust may soon become millionaires. The same to you, sister!—and many of them!"

## Current Editorial Comment

So much has been done and said to bring delinquent families to book that it is not surprising to see a real delinquent in. One of the significant aspects of the stories told by complaining wives in police and chancery courts is the frequency with which they affirm that their husbands forsake temperance and industry after marriage. Albert T. Sergeant, chief probation officer of the Boston Municipal Court, boldly places a full share of the blame for male delinquency upon wives. Slovenly housekeeping, poor cooking, nagging and general neglect, says Mr. Sergeant, drive men to seek refuge in alcohol. "A woman can neglect her husband until she drives him away, then have him arrested for desertion," he declares, and adds: "It isn't fair." Many social workers and officials are beginning to look behind the plaintive charges of women to locate the real reasons for domestic tragedy.—Detroit News.

Various estimates have been made as to the cost of the European war, but while the estimates cannot vary very widely, more than haphazard guesses, there seems at least to be a fairly general agreement that one year of the conflict will cost \$5,000,000,000. Including the armies mobilized, not in action, it is estimated that there are not less than 20,000,000 men under arms. It is estimated that the total cost of maintaining these tremendous armies is about \$50,000,000 a day. The British government, with close to 2,000,000 men now under arms, is stated officially to be disbursing \$5,000,000 a day, and the actual expenditure probably will continue to grow. Germany's daily expenditure is estimated in London at \$5,000,000, but it is probably nearer \$10,000,000 a day, while Russia is doing less spending the same amount. France, it is estimated, is spending about \$7,500,000 a day, and Austria about the same. Serbia, Japan, Turkey and Belgium are all in action, and these, with the neutral states under mobilization, probably will add several million dollars more. At any event, the London Round-Table, summarizing various opinions, fixes the total daily expenditure at \$50,000,000, which would bring the cost of the year's war close to \$20,000,000,000.—Washington Post.

Astonishingly methodical are the plans which the scientists have made for rendering Germany "self-feeding." The great fundamentals of the task could occur to everybody like the reduction of the acreage of beet sugar, of which Germany has been an exporter; the cutting up of large landed estates; the recovery of moorlands and the lessening of the amount of meat and butter in the individual ration and the increase in vegetables. Various groups of domestic animals have been marked for reduction. Germany wants only two-thirds the present number of horses, because they eat skim-milk and butterfat that might serve human beings. Similarly, the industrial processes have

been overhauled, and wherever—as in soap-making—fats are employed that could be utilized by man, that industry has been brought under supervision. In fine, Germany is making a study of how to live hereafter whatever happens in war. Economic law, there and here, is constantly turning the footsteps of the thrifty housewife. But in this favored land, in time of peace, we fall far short of utilizing our possibilities. Many things that Germany is getting along without in the present crisis it would do us, as a people, small harm to cast aside.—Boston Herald.

## War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, March 16, 1865.)

The special message of President Davis was read in both houses of Congress yesterday, and is printed in full in this paper. The President does not in the least disguise the imminent danger with which he conceives the country and the capital of the Confederacy to be surrounded. He states the only means by which, in his opinion, it can be met and averted. If his recommendations be not attended to, and that at once, he throws the responsibility on Congress, which has now been in session since November, without having provided by legislation for the essential points alluded to.

There was no news yesterday from Petersburg, or from any other quarter. For the past several days it has been expected that General Grant would make some important and decisive move south of Petersburg, but up to the latest advices yesterday he still remained quiet.

Around Richmond there was nothing yesterday of note, except a report that some of Grant's troops were being transferred to the north side of the river. These shiftings of troops are constantly going on, and may signify nothing.

Rumors from the South were numerous enough yesterday, but doubtless unreliable, and even these we think it imprudent to mention. The white-hot atmosphere is in absolute ignorance of the whereabouts and condition of General Sherman and his army, and it is not for us to enlighten them.

The Confederate Congress has rescinded the order for adjournment sine die, leaving the date still open. It is likely, however, that both houses will quit business before the first day of April.

One cause of the great scarcity of vegetables in the market here from the Richmond markets is the fact that the market men from the country are afraid to come to the city, having heard that their horses will be impressed for army service. An official notice that they will not be has been printed and sent out.

The special session of the Virginia Legislature will probably adjourn this week, after passing a private address to the people of Virginia and other Confederate States.

A Yankee paper was started at Charlottesville, but got out only two issues. It was called "The Third Cavalry Division Chronicle," and was printed from the Jeffersonian office, which was raided for the purpose. What purports to be a Redemptive movement offers a reward of \$2 in Confederate money for information as to the whereabouts of Early and a cent reward for the apprehension of Rosser. The paper, editorially and sarcastically, refers to General Early as "the active commissary for General Sheridan's army."

Major J. B. McPhail, of the Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment, in response to a call from the men of his regiment, has consented to become a candidate for State Senator, to represent the Counties of Mecklenburg and Charlotte.

Gold has gone down to 159 in New York.

## Queries and Answers

**Congressman.**  
Please give the name and address of the member of Congress who represents the district in which Ashland, Va., is located.

Hon. A. J. Montague, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

**Weights.**  
Please state the legal weights in Virginia of Irish and sweet potatoes by the bushel. When were the weights made legal?  
R. L. D.  
Fifty-two pounds and fifty pounds. By the Acts of 1897-98.

**Primaries.**  
Where may I find the law for holding a primary in September, as suggested in a recent Richmond paper, in reference to candidates for the governorship?  
WILLIAM R. BRANCH.  
Nowhere. The present law sets primaries in April and in August—first Tuesday in each case.

**Seven Pines, Etc.**  
Why the name "Seven Pines" for the battle just below Richmond? How fast was the Titanic going when she struck?  
B. C. M.

A conspicuous line of pines along the field suggested it. About twenty knots.

**Puseyism, Etc.**  
Please tell me exactly what was, or is, Puseyism in the English Church. Also, are the children of a morganatic marriage legitimate?

R. L. F.  
The tendency to Romanism, Perceval and Charles Sumner, with Dr. Pusey and many other Anglican clergy of great learning and weight, established the party and introduced more ritual and doctrine of superstition and confession, etc. They are legitimate, but may not inherit.

## The Bright Side of Life

**Everybody's Friend.**  
Jack Podger was the most obliging man that ever lived.

A week or two ago, after cobbling a neighbor's boots, lancing his cousin's gumbol, sweeping the vicar's chimney and writing a testimonial for his char-woman's nephew, he retired to rest. He was awakened by a terrible bang at the front door, and immediately rushed to the window.

"What's the matter?" he bawled, irritably.  
"You'll excuse me for troubling you at this time of the night," came the reply, "but the fact is our baby is very cross, and we would like you to come and pacify him. He always laughs when he sees your funny nose."—New York Evening World.

**Comprehensive Ignorance.**  
Two Irishmen were philosophizing. Said Pat to Mike:

"Did yever ahtop to think wan half of the world don't know how the other half gets along?"  
"You're right," says Mike, "and neither does the other half."—New York Evening Post.

**Musicians.**  
Two Lancashire boys were expatiating on the relative merits of their fathers as musicians. "My father is the greatest musician in town," said one.

"No," but to tell the truth, old chap, my spelling's exceedingly rocky."—Exchange.

**Insulted, Indeed.**  
"Why is Mrs. Van Wombat so angry with you?"  
"It seems the cook she lured away from me is not satisfactory."—Kansas City Journal.

**SILENCE.**  
(Suggested by a Times-Dispatch Cartoon.)

When silence falls where it a stranger be,  
The very stillness so oppresses me,  
Fain would I come and rise, go on again,  
Relieve the tension of the mighty strain.

To Oyster Bay, abnormal, in repose,  
What will the wild waves murmur next? Who knows?  
Richmond, Va., March 16, 1915.

## ALMOST PERSUADED

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Chicago Herald.

## HOW BEN LINDSEY HANDLES COURT

(By F. P. A. in New York Tribune.)

DENVER, COL., March 1.—"Ben" Lindsey is short and thin. He is growing heavier, they say, and he now weighs, I should guess, about 103 tubs.

He is between forty and fifty years of age. Except for a pair of remarkably clear, searching eyes, the kind known as "sympathetic," he is a commonplace looking little man with a black mustache. And he is commonplace and a "man of the people," precisely as Lincoln was these things.

Anybody can walk right into Lindsey's court. You don't need any press pass or any letter of introduction. As I came in the judge was hearing a complaint against a man who had been hiring young girls to go on the stage. The girls who went, it was charged, were taken out of the rough towns in Colorado and exposed to dangers they were too young to contend with. The manager who hired them was talking to the judge.

"I tell the girls, I always tell 'em, judge, that they got to see you first," he was saying.

"These girls' parents tell me," said Lindsey, "that you say this court indorses your show. I've never seen your show, for one thing; and I don't indorse it, for another."

"No, judge, I never tell 'em no such a thing, judge. I tell 'em they ought to go to you to get permission to work. They say they will, but they don't. They're liars, most of 'em. They're just crazy to get on the stage."

"What kind of show do you give?"  
"Minstrel show, judge. Been in show business for fifteen years. Always been on the level and never been in jail in this State except for one time."

"What do the girls do in a minstrel show?"

"It's a female minstrel show,"  
"Leg show?"

"No, sir. The girls wear short dresses, that's all. Singin' 'n' dancin' and play the little tunes around here."

"Well," said Lindsey, "I'm going to send a man around now to look at one of your rehearsals; and maybe we can tell more about it then. If you're all right, we won't interfere with you. But it's worth while looking into it if it keeps a lot of little girls from being foolish and then regretting it the rest of their lives, eh?"

"Sure, judge. Thank you."  
And the man went out. He and his actions will be watched. And the likelihood is that his next "minstrel" if he have any, will be girls of an age beyond the jurisdiction of the court.

**A Family Row.**  
The next case was Lena's. On a seat at the side of the court sat Lena's mother, brought from the hospital. Next to her sat Lena's sister, married and deserted. At the back was Lena's father, old, very ragged and with the unmistakable air of a veteran in vagrancy. Beside the father sat Lena's brother, aged twenty-one. Near to him was Lena, fourteen, in years, three in mentality, agitated in youthful experience. Lena had been in the hospital. Her disease was as bad as it could be, and she was to be sent to the State training school, where she might get decent and regular medical care. Lena had been in the hospital for a long time, and she was to be sent to earn a living. To this the father was objecting.

"I want her to come home with me, judge," said the father, whining.

"Why?" asked the court.

"Well, judge, I think that's where her place is, by her father. I want to take care of her."

"Have you earned anything in the last two or three years?"

"I done my best, judge, to be a good little home, judge," in an apologetic whine.

The sister, an intelligent girl of twenty-five, then told how she practically had supported the family since she had been nine, how by the day had helped, going "out" by the day how the father had always mistreated the mother; and how when she—the girl testifying—was having a baby, the father cursed at her inability to work and said: "Another \$20 gone to hell!" (She was getting \$1 a week.) Then the brother, who worked in a livery stable from 4 A. M. to 8 P. M., he said, and made "my \$10 a month," showed up how there was no place for Lena to go to. You couldn't blame Lena for anything that had happened to her, getting a glimpse of the "home" influence.

**Lena is Contrary.**  
"Lena," said the judge, "we are going to send you to a nice place where you can get well and have a good time while you're doing it, and come back glad you went."

"I won't go, no there. I ain't done nothing, and I won't go, no there. I'm going with my papa. An' there ain't nothin' in the matter with me, neither so there." Lena's ignorant petulance was rather becoming. She had a good deal of beauty. Her hair was ornamental with some cheap combs, and she had a pair of eyes, a pair of eyes, perhaps a dollar's worth. She went on: "I know a girl went there, an' she says they treat you terrible. I won't go no there. She (the sister) said all that about me because she's jealous because a fella boardin' with us took me to a pitcher show an' she wanted to go. An' she always tells lies about me, an' there ain't nothin' in the matter with me, no there."

"Lena," said the judge, "read the first four lines of this letter," and the judge handed over a letter that had just come, telling of the death of a boy twenty years old who had died the day before, and the mother, a widow, was crying. "Lena," said "Ben" Lindsey, "and he didn't go in time to get cured, and now he's dead." Lena began to cry.

"I don't care," she said, "I'd like to die. I don't want to live, no there. An' if I go up there I'll hate it, so there."

"No, you won't Lena. You write me in a month and see. I'll bet anything you'll like it. I'll hate it." From the back of the room came the whisper of the father, "Lena, don't be so silly to the gentleman."

"Well, Lena, you write me in a month and tell me how you like it and how you feel. I don't promise anything, but if you don't like it maybe we can fix it some way you do. You've had your way a long time; come ahead and let us have our way for a month."

The hospital ambulance came for Lena's mother. As she passed Lena's chair, she stooped to kiss the child. The first time